

The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

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Poetry.

May.

There's a blue-bird sits on the apple-tree bough,
Singing merrily and gay,
Come, little blossoms, the Spring's here now,
And the sun shines warm all day.

Fast asleep in the leaves and grass,
Don't you hear the quick rain?
And the winds that whisper as they pass,
"The dear Spring's here again."

Push your soft leaves out of the ground,
Open your mist blue eyes,
Here the brook with its singing sound,
Look at the sunny skies.

All the drifts of the winter snow
Were frightened and fled away.
They left their places for the grass to grow,
And the merry months to play.

Red buds shine on the maple tree,
The trailing May blooms fair,
Under their green leaves, peep at me,
For the spring has kissed them there.

Come, little blossom, you sleep too long!
Purple and white and blue,
Open your buds to hear my song,
The honey-bee waits for you.

Rose Terry.

Miscellany.

A Soldier's Letter—No. 22.

The First Day's Fight at Fredericksburg.

CAMP NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA.,
May 9, 1863.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—Undoubtedly every incident connected with the late battle of Fredericksburg is perfectly familiar to your readers, long before this time, so that anything I could say would be but mere repetition, entirely superfluous and uninteresting. Nevertheless, it is my habit to like to speak of brave deeds, and there were so many performed on this day that I shall not omit the opportunity offered now of telling what I saw, although aware that my account will be but the relation of my own experience and will feebly compare with those of more extended observation. The temptation to write would be much stronger if I knew how to convey anything like an accurate idea of the exciting events of this day's fight.

Last Saturday night, as soon as it was dark, we crossed the river and halted on the plain opposite. The whole transaction was executed very quietly, and everything was very still. We spread down our blankets in the bright light of a full moon, and sought repose, expecting on the morrow to march against the foe and measure swords with him once more. Nothing occurred to disturb our rest, only we were aroused once or twice to move a few rods to the right, and then to move a few rods to the left, and finally to come to a halt almost exactly where we were in the first place. At midnight they called us up to have us draw half a dozen more hard tack apiece; we had but eight days rations of them in our knapsacks, which probably rendered this insignificant addition indispensable to the safety of the Union. After this we slept without interruption till the day was beginning to dawn. As soon as the morning twilight began to appear we were promptly in line, ready to move forward. We took our position a short distance in advance, sheltering ourselves in the road. The batteries took their position on the flanks and fired over our heads at the rebel works. The enemy's shot, as well as our own, passed over our heads, and their music was quite lively and interesting. Occasionally a shot or piece of shell would come so low as to hit some one in the road, but for all that the officers found it almost impossible to make the men obey the order, "keep down." About 11 o'clock there was a consultation among the officers in regard, I suppose, to making a charge and taking the rebel works on the hill,—the very works that General Sumner tried so desperately and with such immense loss to take last winter, but utterly failed to do so. Simultaneously with the assault here another attack by assault was to be made from the city, about three-quarters of a mile above, where there was another range of strong works, and if

both succeeded we should be in possession of the key to the whole position. The 26th New Jersey was to take the lead, ours to follow and support them, and other regiments were to advance on our right and left. The boys started with confidence and alacrity, cheering as they went. The rebels opened on us from every piece they had, from a 24-pounder to a pocket pistol. Our batteries played over our heads and helped us all they could. The air seemed to be full of hissing shot and bursting shells. The roar was terrific and it required men of nerve to stand it. The Jerseys faltered; they did not run, but their regiment became so completely broken up that but little could be expected of them. There didn't seem to be any ranks anywhere. They were scattered all over the ground, so that a shell could hardly burst amiss. Behind every tree, stump, or whatever would shelter them, they could be seen hiding away from the storm of iron hail and completely paralyzed with terror. Some of them we forced into our ranks, but such were found to be too demoralized in the knees to be capable of effective service. We approached a deep ditch and, as we expected, it was filled with the trembling cowards, who seemed to be dying a thousand deaths. A rebel shell struck in the ditch just as we came up to it, filling our faces with dirt, and burying a number of the Jerseys, where the boys maliciously hoped they would remain till the resurrection. Col. Grant saw at once that to expect anything from that regiment would be hanging his hopes on a rope of sand, so he ordered the second Vermont to the right of them, and we rushed up the hill ahead. Some from the Jersey regiment, more brave than the rest, joined with us and fought like heroes till the engagement was over.

The hill up which we charged, was covered with brush besides being very steep and every way difficult to climb. At the right there was a deep ravine also filled with brush and felled trees. The right of the regiment had to make their way up through this. The rebels had set fire to the brush on the top of the hill, and the hot, suffocating smoke drifted into our faces, but we moved straight onward, regardless of everything. The air was intensely hot and sultry, the fire of the rebel musketry as we neared the top of the hill, was hot, too, but not a man flinched. While we were crossing the flat and till we got to the foot of the hill, our regiment kept in as good a line as if they were on a drill. Among this brush and smoke and bullets, this, of course, was impossible. We halted a moment in a rebel rifle pit to take breath, when at the word from Col. Grant, "Up now, my brave boys and give it to them," we pushed forward as fast as possible. There were plenty of opportunities for cowards to hide and skulk from duty, as we were getting up through that brush, but I do not know of a single man who availed himself of them. Our skirmishers drove the gunners away from two excellent pieces of artillery and captured them.

At the top of the hill we were met with a more terrific shower of bullets than before. For a moment our regiment wavered. A little way beyond us through the smoke, the rebels could be seen hesitating the same way. Their officers were trying to rally them. It was a critical moment. If our men would come forward now they would certainly drive them; a moment more and all might be lost. The crisis was imminent, immense consequences hung poised on a few seconds of time. Some of the rebels were panic-stricken and running, some were rallying to renew the fight. A bold attack from them just then, would certainly have driven our men, so would a bold attack from us drive them. Now was the precious moment to strike. Oh! if our boys only would rally,—thank God they did. They rallied in stoutly, and drove the rebels to the eminence beyond. Here they held a line for some time, but by the time our supports came up, they had skeddaddled out of sight. This was the sharpest fire our regiment has been under. The men fell fast on right and left. It is difficult to realize in the time of an action, the extreme peril one's life is in. Death

there seems of less consequence than anywhere else, one gets so used to it. Let a railroad accident happen, or a factory tumble to the ground, mangling a great many, and terrifying numbers more, and the whole country shudders, but the same number may be killed and maimed in a brisk skirmish, and the affair is very "brilliant." Such is the acknowledged difference, and it is well that it should be so. But when the excitement is over and we go back to camp and see so many comrades whose society was our pleasure, missing, we feel very keenly the loss we have sustained.

During this fight a brave little fellow just to my right was shot through the neck. The ball cut the jugular vein and he died immediately. He was told that he could not live and asked if he had any word that he wanted to send to his friends. "Tell them," says he, "that I was a good soldier," and truly he had been one. He had been with the regiment from the beginning, and was never excused by the surgeon but five days during the whole time, and two of those days was in consequence of a wound received at Fredericksburg before. The country has had his services and his life, and more than this no patriot can give.

Bullets play curious freaks sometimes, and every battle has its hair-breath escapes. One fellow had his gun shot out of his hands, and another close by had his life spared because his gun intercepted the bullet. Sergt. Davis of Company E, was strack in the breast with a ball, but an account book in his pocket was his life-preserver. Capt. Ballou, Company H, had the skin scratched off his nose by a rebel minnie, and that is shooting a man almost within an inch of his life. I might multiply incidents like these to an almost endless extent.

The smoke of the battle cleared up and gave us an opportunity to rest ourselves and slake our thirst—an opportunity that we very much needed. We took a number of prisoners, Mississippians. They said they never had been driven before. They were old troops. They had plenty of bacon and hard biscuit to eat, and their appearance hardly justified the idea that they were in a starving condition. They had no coffee, and they were destitute of many little luxuries that we enjoy.—Some prisoners that came and delivered themselves up as we were charging up the hill said they came in to get something to eat; they were tired of fighting on an empty stomach.

There were other Vermont regiments in the fight of Sunday, but none lost so heavily as the second. The casualties in this regiment that day exceeded a hundred. It is unnecessary for me to give any names, as you will probably receive a list more correct than I could give long before this reaches you. Quite a number of officers were wounded while gallantly doing their duty, but I omit to mention their names as I fear I should not do them justice if I did. The severest was received by Capt. Crossman, of Company F. He has had to have a leg amputated.

ANTI REBEL.

Baptism of a Slave Child.

AFFECTING EPISODE AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Yesterday, at Plymouth Church, was the regular Sabbath for the baptism of children, and the delightful Spring morning tempted a larger number of parents than usual to bring their offspring forward. Having administered the rite to all but one of the children, Mr. Beecher paused a moment, and, turning to his interested audience, stated that here was still another child to be christened. Her history, however, contained a moral, and he should take the liberty of carrying her upon the platform where all present might look upon her features. This preface caused a flutter of increasing interest, which was not abated until the reverend gentleman had ascended the pulpit steps, bearing in his arms a little, laughing-eyed, sweet-faced, fair-haired girl of five years, who nestled closely against his breast, toying with his watch-guard, as she timidly met, with her dark, lustrous eyes, the concentrated gaze of the now hushed congregation. In a voice tremulous and fearful, and in words that touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of his hearers, Mr. Beecher told about the child. "She was born in slavery,"

he said. "A benevolent woman, who was nursing our sick soldiers in the hospital at Fairfax, found her, sore and tattered and unclean, and requested the good sister who has adopted her, to bring her North and take care of her. She will be treated as this lady's own child, and it is designed to educate her as a teacher for her race. 'Look upon this child,' continued Mr. Beecher, 'and tell me if you ever saw a fairer, sweeter face? And this child,' he added, 'is a sample of the slavery which absorbs into itself everything fair and attractive. The loveliness of this child would only make her so much more valuable as a chattel; for while your children are brought up in fear and serve the Lord, this little one, just as beautiful, would be made, through Slavery, a child of damnation. The whole force of my manhood revolts and raises up in enmity against an institution that cruelly exposes such children to be sold like cattle. (Loud applause) Look upon this child,' he repeated in conclusion, 'and take away with you an impression of her beauty, and remember to what a shocking fate Slavery would bring her! May God strike for our armies, and the right, that this accursed thing may be utterly destroyed.' (Renewed applause.)

Mr. Beecher then baptised the child FANNY VIRGINIA CASSIOPE LAWRENCE, the last name being that of the lady who adopted her. He announced afterward, that although this good lady was in moderate circumstances, and was quite willing to bear, unaided, the burden that she had assumed, yet if any present desired to contribute to defray the expense of educating the child, the privilege would be given. In response, at the conclusion of the services, the donations were quite liberal. Plymouth Church is eminently the place of extraordinary incidents, but probably never before has an episode so stirred and affected the congregation.

GEN. BURNSIDE ON VALLANDIGHAM.—An application for a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Vallandigham, was argued before the U. S. Circuit Court at Cincinnati on the 11th. Gen. Burnside addressed a long communication to the Court, of which the following is a synopsis:

"He will use all his power to suppress sedition in the army, and without doing so there can be no discipline and no success. If an enemy were to distribute tracts in the army to create sedition, he would be hung as soon as found guilty, and one of our own public men should not be allowed to do it with impunity. In a crisis like the present public men should not encourage sedition, nor aid in the organization of secret societies to destroy the Government. In his Department men should not do this. He will enforce Order No. 38 and leave the consequences to God. No power can inaugurate war or peace but the United States Government, and it must be sustained, and will be in this Department; and he adds, too, that all honest men will agree with him. Let the people change the Administration at a proper time and in a constitutional manner, but not create sedition in the army. No one but the soldier in the field can fully appreciate the importance of arrests for encouraging the enemy. The soldiers are sacrificing all upon the altar of liberty and country. It is folly to talk of laying down our arms now. No man proposes to do so unless he likewise intends to sacrifice the country."

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN ON THE WAR. The venerable John J. Crittenden has been renominated for Congress. In a speech at Frankfort Tuesday he declared himself for the prosecution of the war, "without an armistice, and regardless of foreign intervention, till the rebellion is crushed. It was the duty of freemen to first save the country from the uplifted sword, and then save Constitution."

Several military organizations are forming in Philadelphia, with the object of offering their services to the Government for the purpose of protecting it against the traitors and sympathizers with rebellion who disgrace portions of the loyal North.

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